

# THE WORLD'S ANATOMY:

O R,  
Reasons Disswading from  
the love of this World.

*O flattering wor'd, that with vain glorious shows,  
Bewitcheth silly captiv'd men (God knows.)  
And thousand thousands every day destroys,  
With fond allurements of it's fleeting joys:  
Ple her Anatomize, that all may see,  
And seeing, loath her loathsome vanity.*

---

*Matth. 6. 19, 20.*

Lay not up for your selves Treasures upon Earth,  
where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where  
theeves break through and steal. But lay up  
for your selves treasures in heaven, where  
neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where  
theeves do not break through, nor steal.

---

YORK, Printed by Stephen Eulkeley,

1 6 7 5.

With Licence.


Dorothy Goodell





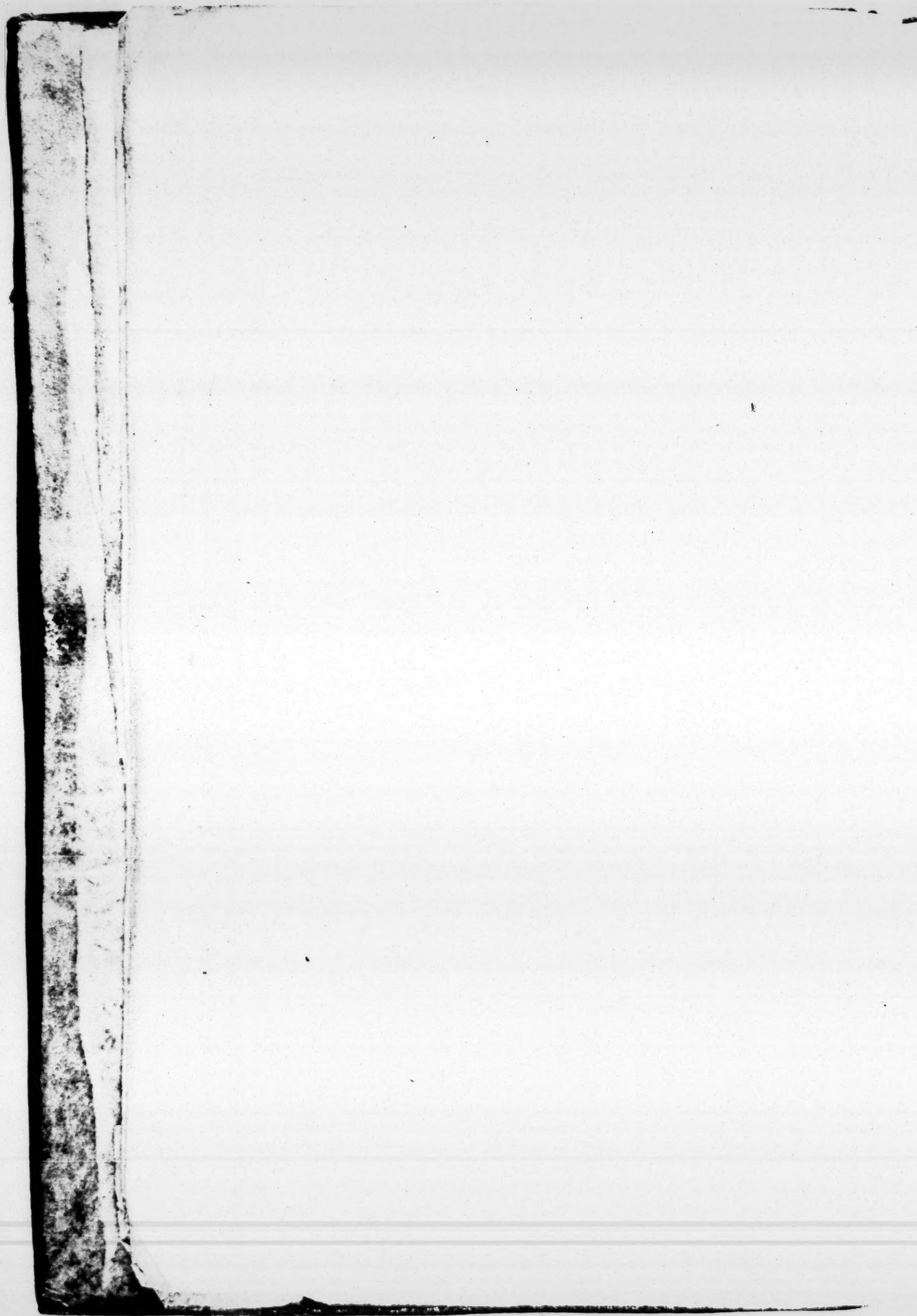
*To the Honourable Collonel Roger  
Nowell of Read in Com'. Lanc'.*

Sir,

 Hese Papers falling into my  
Hands ; upon Perusal of them,  
I conceived they were (with  
the Licence of Authority)  
worthy of Publick view : And  
not knowing the Author of them ; nor  
having so worthy a Friend as your Self to  
recommend them to ; I make bold to use  
your Name, in hopes you will be pleased to  
pardon my boldness, and accept thereof as  
a grateful acknowledgement of your many  
kindnesses to me. Sir, With my Prayers  
for the continuance of the good Health and  
Prosperity of Your Self, and all Yours, I  
remain, Sir,

Your humbly devoted Servant,

*John Hargreaves.*





The Worlds Anotomy :

O R,

Reasons Disswading from the love of  
this World.

**Y**E more then Nimrods, whose ambition lies  
Beyond the pitch of mortal Monarchies,  
Whom earthly Kingdoms cannot satisfie,  
Without attempting Joves great Emperie,  
Whose onely aim, is onely to be great, (seat;  
When great ones Kings, when Kings in Gods own  
Who count it sport to climbe to Golden Thrones,  
By shayres of batter'd skulls and scatter'd bones.  
Ye wanton Dames, that in lascivious laves,  
In stead of Prayer, sing wanton Flora's praise;  
And for your Bibles, gaze in looking-glasses,  
Your curl'd perfum'd locks, and painted faces;  
Ye Chamber Champions, and soft carpet Knights,  
That with variety of vain delights,  
With sporting, courting, dancing, feasting, play,  
And wanton Dalliance spend both night and day;  
Ye Babel builders, whose cloude rising Towers,  
Do proudly seem to dare heavens christal bowers:  
Ye that on Neptunes surging billows hurld,  
Seek Golden Prizes in another world:  
Ye, ye, that lul'd a sleep with Mida's Treasures,  
And overwhelm'd in streams of worldly pleasures,  
Doat on this world, as on your chiefest bliss,  
Lose, hear how vain, how vile a thing it is:



## The Worlds Anatomy.

What though it boast of Pleasures, pomp, & glory,  
Wealth, Beauty, Fame, tush, all's but transitory,  
No worldly happiness, doth long remain,  
But being got, is quickly lost again.  
What is the best that this world gives to man?  
But like a Cloud, a Shade, a dying Swan,  
A Ionis Gourd, a Post, a Dream, a Shower,  
A Tale, a Blast, a Race a Summers Flower?  
The Cloud doth vanish, and the Shadow flies,  
The Swan sings this hour, and the next hour dies;  
The Gourd soon withers, and the Post doth hast,  
The Dreams forgotten, and the Shower is past,  
The Tale is ended, ere it's well begun,  
The Blast is over, and the Race is run,  
The freshest Flower quickly doth decay,  
And thus the worlds best things, soon pass away.  
If Heavens war old, and all the Spheres above?  
With rowling course, in time shall cease to move:  
If Sun, and Moon, and Stars, shall lose their light;  
If gladsome day shall turn to gloomy night;  
If Rocks from Top to Toe, shall rent for fear,  
And craggy Mountains, all in sunder tear;  
If Man and Beast, shall into dust return,  
If all the world, with flaming fire shall burn;  
If time it self, in time, shall cease to be,  
What worldly thing, can have Eternity?  
That, never too much prized, Solomon,  
For matchless Wisdom, and for Wealth alone,  
Surpassing all that wore the Diadem,  
And swaid the Scepter in Jerusalem;  
Yea, as when Phoebus Beams appear in sight,  
They quite obscure fair Cynthias borrowed light;  
Those sparklin Lamps of Earth bright Canopy,  
Do hide themselves in black Obscurity,

## The Worlds Anatomy.

As all asham'd, but once, to shew their face,  
Where such a glorious beauty comes in place;  
So where he did appear to mortal Eye,  
All earthly glory, seem'd but beggerie:  
Silver he had, in such abundant store,  
That it was valued, in his time, no more  
Then stones, Gold was as common as the sand  
That guilds and paves the sweet Euphratean Strand,  
Two hundred Targets, famous to behold,  
Three hundred Shields he had of beaten Gold:  
With beaten Gold o're-layd, an Ivory Throne,  
The like ne're seen in any Nation;  
And forty thousand Horses in his Stable,  
Twelve thousand Charrets, horsemen answerable,  
Seven hundred Wives, three hundred Concubines,  
And Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, store of wines,  
Of Trees, of Herbs, of Fruits variety,  
Of Musicks Consorts, sweetest harmony:  
His vessels were of Gold, most admirable,  
His Plate and Jewels were innumerable,  
Six hundred Talents for his Annual summe  
And sixty six, did to him yearly come,  
Besides that which th' Arabian Kings did bring,  
And others mo, to this renowned King,  
A thousand thirty seven and hundreds nine  
Quarters of purest Beal, and Flower fine,  
With thirty Oxen, and an hundred Sheep,  
Did but a day his House with Mutton keep;  
Besides Roe Bucks, and Harts, and Fallow Deer,  
With fatted Fowle, such was his daily Chear:  
Yea, in a word, all that to comprehend,  
Wherein whole Volumes I full well might spend  
In Sacred Word, he plainly hath us told,  
That from his heart no joy he did with-hold:



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Yet when that he had full experience,  
Of all this present worlds eitel Quintessence,  
From his experience, he doth testify,  
That all these Worldly things, are Vanity.  
As in a Summers Morn when Phoebus bright,  
All like a sumptuous Bridegroom, richly dight  
With glittering Gold, doth from his chamber come,  
Reioycing as a Gyant his course to run:  
When beautilous Flora from her flowry bed,  
Fragrant perfumes through all the aire hath sped,  
And pleasant Zephirus, with his gentle Gales,  
Hath tanned coolenels through the shady Vales;  
All creatures then reioyce, the lovely Swain  
Others his skipping Flock along the plain,  
And whilst his hirmles Sheep securely feed,  
Sits piping sweetly on an Oaten Reed,  
The Peatheard calls his Dove, each corner rings  
Through every field with their lowd bellowing;  
With rural Notes the Plowman tunes away,  
The painfull labour of the pleasant day:  
May's harmles Quiristers through their shril throats  
Full old Silvanus Bowers with sugred Poats;  
Each vale, each banck, each hollow cave, each spring,  
With sweet re-sounding Eccho's sweetly ring,  
But e're the Sunne his mid-day course hath run,  
A thick congealed exhalation,  
All on a suddain damps his glad some light,  
And through the Skies a face of sable Night,  
With gloomy darkness sits, all headlong rushes  
A raging boysterous whirlewind, down it pushes  
The hardest Oaks, and with his furious blasts,  
Whole clouds of dust, up to the Welkin casts,  
Tosses the Pipples, tumbles up the Floods,  
With fearful roaring, rageth through the Woods,  
All



## The Worlds Anatomy.

All toppe turby turns, fierce fiery flashes  
Dazel our eyes with their redoubling flashes,  
That all appears on fire, lowd roaring Thunder,  
Hurle, tosses, tumbles, tears the Clouds asunder,  
Batters our buildings with his dreadful shocks,  
Totters the Mountains, shakes the craggy Rocks,  
Makes th'earth to tremble, and the Ocean roare,  
Swell, rage, and fume, for fear against his shoare  
The spongy Clouds, all violently throw  
A hideous Tempest on the Earth below,  
That well's the wight, that can a place espy,  
Whether for shelter he may soonest fly ;  
Even thus, the Sun-shine of our greatest bliss,  
Into a storme of woe soon turned is.  
How flourish Job? How did his glory shine?  
With boundless limits through the Easterne Cline,  
The sweetest content on Earth, his loving wife  
Adds sweet content to his contentful life ;  
His children ten, his table round about,  
Like Olive-branches late ; a mighty rout  
Of Oxen, Asses, Camells, Sheep had he,  
Of Men and Maids, great was his family,  
Through all the East, a greater was not found,  
Not one that did in wealth, like Job abound :  
But see, how soon, all his great happiness,  
Is dash't and turn'd to woful wretchedness,  
As if that fortune him decreed to make,  
A perfect patterne of her fickle state :  
His Children suddenly were slain each one,  
His Oxen, Asses, Camells, Sheep all gone,  
His tattered body all is over-spread,  
With sore and loathsome viles from toe to head,  
And on a filthy stinking dunghill thrown,  
Where he laments his case with piteous moan ;

## The Worlds Anatomy.

His kinsfolk, Friends, acquaintance him abhor'd,  
Of whom he was but yesterday ador'd ;  
His servants now will not vouchsafe to know him,  
That th'other day with cap and knee came to him ;  
And that which most of all might pearce his heart,  
Of all his restless grief and painful smart,  
His Wife that should his only comfort be  
In his distress, bids him, Curse God, and die ;  
Distasts his breath, and strangely looks awry,  
Or looks upon him with a scornful eye,  
Though for his Children sake he did intreat her,  
And with kind speeches lovingly did greet her ;  
Ah wretched Man, erst bath'd in earthly bliss,  
How is thy happy state transform'd ? How is  
Thy case forlorne ? when neither friend nor brother,  
Nor sister, kinsman, servant, one nor other,  
Nor yet thy self, nor second self thy Wife,  
Affords the least of comfort to thy life ;  
Now wretched life, so soon is all the glorie,  
Of this vain world, turn'd to a Tragick story.

### Beauty.

Alas what's Beauty ? it's not a fading flower  
That's often bloom'd, and blasted in an hour ?  
How small a time of sickness spoils that fashion,  
That once was held in wondrous admiration ?  
Decrepit Age, disfigures quite the feature,  
Deforms the fashion of the loveliest Creature ;  
And when we once shall leave this worlds abroad,  
Death makes us uglier, then the ugliest Dead :  
Where's now fair Hellen, Paris only lay,  
Whose lovely Beauty caus'd the sack of Troy,  
Batter'd her walls, her bulwarks overturn'd,  
Threw down her towers, her sumptuous buildings burn'd  
Murther'd



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Further'd her worthies, fill'd her streets with blood,  
That now it scarce appears where Troy Town stood.  
Where's now that face, that like the spangled skies,  
Dazzled the sight of each beholders eyes?  
Where are those eyes, those perfect circulars,  
That once in Beauty parallel'd the Stars?  
Where are those locks, once like Apollo's Kays,  
When fair Aurora first his face displays?  
Where are those breasts that once appear'd in show  
Like bubbling fountains that with Nectar flow?  
Where are those Cheeks, as fair, as sweet as poses,  
Of milk white Lillies, mixt with Damask Roses?  
Where are those ruddy Lips that seem'd to be  
Much fairer then the blushing Strawberry?  
Where are those Hands, those Hands as white as  
Or fairest Swans that e'er sung in Poe? (Snow,  
Those locks, those lips, those eyes, those cheeks, & face  
Those breasts, those hands have lost their beauties  
They're all deform'd with canker filth & rust, (grace,  
Wither'd, consum'd, all rotten, turn'd to dust:  
Hea, where are all those beauteous Daniels now,  
On whom Dame nature matchless skill did show?  
The radiant splendor of whose sparkling eyes,  
My Pulse to blazen, dare not enterprize,  
For fear of staining it, such curious skill  
Befits a Pensil, not an Artless Quill:  
Where are they all? to Dust all turned are,  
Ten thousand times more foul, then they were fair.

Greatness.

And no less frail is Greatness, highest Rocks  
Soonest are batter'd with the Thunder shocks,  
Heavens angry brow, his dreadful vengeance pow'rs  
With fatal stroke, on proud aspiring Towers,

While



## The Worlds Anatomy.

While Beggers Coats, that lye in dust obscure,  
From heavens fell rage, lye (though in dust) secure,  
The blustering winds, tall Cedars overthrow,  
When humble Shrubs securely sit below:  
The Golden Calfe, one day's adoar'd as God,  
Next dash't to peeces, all to powder trod:  
So mighty Monarchs are through fortunes frown,  
To base dishonour often hurled down.  
How great was Hamon's honour, when in place,  
Next to the King himself advanc'd he was:  
Prefer'd before his Noble Princes all,  
Bow'd, croucht to, honour'd, both of great & small;  
One day, so Royal, was his Dignity,  
Next day, he hang'd upon a Gallows Tree.  
Alas, their numbers infinite almost,  
That have on fortunes sickle wheel been tost;  
With thirst near dead, one to his foe gives up  
His Army, Kingdom, Self, for one small Cup  
Of heartless water: Another hurld about  
Within an Iron Cage his Realm throughout;  
One goes his living with a manual Trade,  
From door to door another begs his bread:  
One, ends his dayes within an Hermits Cell,  
Another is a Seron, toiles the Well:  
One, for his Subjects, doth in Schoole command  
Unculy Boyes, his Scepter new's a wand:  
One, seventy Kings, with Eres cut off & Chunn'd,  
Under an others Table fed on crams:  
These, these, that once puissant Princes were,  
And mighty Nations queld with awful fear,  
Whose brows a Diademe did once adorne,  
Were made the Object of contempt and scorn:  
Do grant, thy Greatness fail not here, thou must  
At last, lye all thine honour in the dust.

## The Worlds Anatomy.

Great Alexander, like the swift wing'd Sun,  
Did all the world with Conquest ever run;  
Yet all the world contenting not his mind,  
New Travels undertakes, new worlds to find;  
But finding none, all discontented weeps,  
Wishing the surging Seas, and silent deeps  
Were solid earth, he with imperious hand,  
All other Kings as Vassals did command,  
Seeming herein to parallel great Jove,  
Sole King below, as he sole King above;  
Yet then pufft up with more then mortal pride,  
By all means labour'd to be Deified:  
This matchless Monarch with a cup of wine  
Was poisoned suddenly, even in the prime  
Of all his happiness, and being dead,  
His body naked, and unburied,  
Lay many days ere he could get a Grave,  
A labour which the poorest Beggers have;  
Which having got, in seven foot space he lies,  
Whom living, all the world could not suffice:  
He that even now with one small frown could make  
Millions of men with awful fear to quake,  
Now breathless lies, and's made a stepping Stone,  
By basest creatures, basely trampled on.  
The greatest Prince whose boundless sovereignty,  
Through all the world extends both far and nigh,  
Must to a narrow scantling once returne,  
And be confin'd within an earthen Urne;  
His noble Consorts, and Attendants all,  
That once did wait in port Majestically  
Upon his Highness, all will then be gone,  
And he himself left desolate alone  
Within a stinking darksome grave, where he  
With crawling worms shall soon be coured be:  
Alas.



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Alas, alas, what difference is there then,  
Betwixt the greatest, and the meanest men ?  
The difference then is none ; Death equals all,  
Kings, Captains, Princes, Peasants, great & small  
As in some Grove where old Silvanus Court,  
Midst thousand shady bowers, and arbours sport,  
Here brambles crawling lye upon the earth,  
Gearing the breasts of her that gave them birth ;  
There towering Trees aloft do proudly rise,  
As scorning Earth, they aim'd to scale the Skies,  
Out-daring Boreas blasts, and winters cold,  
Others are seen the middle ranke to hold,  
As if the lowest room they held disgrace,  
Nor yet ambitious of the highest place,  
Would with the meeke mean, contented be  
From beggers & scorns, and great mens envy free ;  
But when these Trees are once cut down & burn'd,  
And all confusedly to ash & turn'd,  
What difference is there then, and who can show,  
Which were aloft, which middle, which below ?  
So in this world some bear a Princely port,  
Some beggers are, some of the middle sort ;  
But in the Grave, what difference both appear,  
When all alike to Dust consumed are ?

### Fame.

Beast not vain man, although swift winged Fame  
Hath so proclaim'd thine earth admired name,  
That every corner through the spacious bounds,  
Of this whole Universe thy praise resounds,  
For even the most refulgent Fame may be  
Quickly obscured with black infamy :  
As Lightnings sends bright flashes far and nigh,  
Which into darkness in a moment dye :

Worldly



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Worldly applause is nothing, but a blast,  
That is no sooner rais'd, but straight is past ;  
Like childrens love, that easily is won,  
And lost again, before it's well begun.  
When Paul, with Barnabas accompaigned  
To Lystra from Iconium's rage had fled,  
And there a Cripple heal'd in Jesus Name,  
That from his Mothers wombe had long been lame,  
No sooner this strange act abroad was blaz'd,  
But with the news the people all amaz'd,  
Cry'd out aloud, as men of wit bereaven,  
That Gods, in humane shape, were come from heaven ;  
The Priests of Jupiter, in sacred gulle,  
To them would needs have offered sacrifice,  
With Bulls & Garlands : But presently we reade,  
They stoned Paul, and cast him out for dead :  
Bulls to their gods, even now, they freely offer,  
Now like a Bull, their god himself they slaughter.  
In Christ his progress to Jerusalem,  
With what applause was he received then  
Of all the people ? Some their Garments spread,  
Others, Green Branches, where his feet should tread,  
And all the way, so loud, Hosanna's sung,  
That all the Mountains with Hosanna's rung :  
All this applause, they after turn'd to scorn,  
And basely us'd him, like a wretch forlorne ;  
In stead of Boughes that under's feet were laid,  
They set a Crown of Thornes upon his Head :  
For others cloaths that in his way were thrown,  
They afterwards disrobe him of his own ;  
His blessed body naked they did strip,  
His blessed body naked to to whip ;  
And for their loud Hosanna's, louder cry'd,  
Away with him, let him be Crucifide ;

## The Worlds Anatomy.

At this they did unto the fruitfull Tree,  
How shall we think the barren shall be free?  
How often? by experience have we seen,  
Fond souls themselves, so highly overcome  
With humane praises, that they quite forgot  
Their duty both to God and man (God wot;)  
Yet after made, the by-word, and the scorn  
Of all the world, of all the world forlorn,  
For he that soars on feeble wings of Fame,  
Soon falleth down into the Gulfe of Shame.

### Joy.

How soon is worldly Joy turn'd into sorrow!  
To day glad Tydings, heaviness to morrow;  
That worldly Joy that makes the heart most glad,  
Doth afterwards but make thy heart more sad.  
Joy slowly comes, away it swiftly slides,  
To us it comes on foot, away it hides.  
Our life more cause of grief, then comfort breeds,  
A Moments Joy, a Month of grief succeeds:  
Yea, from amidst the Springs of purest Joy,  
Some sorrow bubbles out, that breeds annoy.  
There is a heavenly Joy, whose sweet effect,  
None know, or feel, but only Gods Elect:  
For could vain worldlings, that on things below,  
Wholly rejoyce, could they but truly know,  
How sweet this blessed Joy, how heavenly 'tis,  
What true content it brings, in matchless bliss,  
They would exchange their greatest Joy's on earth  
For one small dram of this Celestial Birth?  
A Joy it is, that nothing can express,  
A Joy that's blithe in greatest heaviness;  
An Hillary Terme, that never shall expire,  
An ever burning spark of heavenly fire,  
Which



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Which all the furious stormes of Tyrants rage,  
Could never quench, nor eber yet aswage;  
Tyrants may rob us of our loving wives,  
Our lobely children, and our dearest liues;  
Of all our substance: but not fire, nor chains,  
Nor sword, nor famine, nor a thousand pains,  
Nor men, nor death, nor Devils eber can,  
Of this true Joy, dispoil the Christian man;  
But spite of all, 'twill his companion be,  
Whether he wake, or sleep, or liue, or dye:  
For as the Lawrel Tree is alwayes green,  
In winters coldest stormes, both fresh and green;  
When other Trees all naked do abide,  
Disrobed quite of all their Summers pride:  
So, when vain worldlings in their misery,  
Sink down with sorrow, faint, despair, and dye;  
The goodly then most truely ioyful are,  
Their sorrow with their Joy cannot compare;  
Which made the ancient Martyrs smile and sing  
In mid'st of flames; A true, though wondrous thing:  
No other Joy endures, but soon is past,  
And in sharpe sorrow alwayes ends at last.

### Riches.

What if thou shouldst with wealth so much abound  
Thou hadst boundles scopes of endles ground?  
Thousands of Barners witheach kind of grain,  
All fully cram'd and stufte: A mighty Train  
Of hopeful Heards, and many a spacious Fould  
Of fleecy flocks, huge heaps of masse Gould?  
What if thou hadst of every thing such store,  
That 'twere imposible to wish for more;  
All this might wast, and soon to nothing come,  
As Snow-balls are dissolued with the Sun?



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Even he that of the greatest wealth may boast,  
Hath nothing got, but what another lost;  
And though the same he ne're so highly prize,  
His fall e're long, must make another rise.  
The mighty Darius, that once to redeem  
His Mother, Children and his captive Queen,  
Profer'd to Alexander so much Gould,  
As all his Land of Macedon could hould,  
Was after forc't, his fortunes were so low,  
To beg a draught of water of his foe.  
Or yield perchance, our Riches do not leave us  
Whilst we live here, yet death will quite bereave us  
And strip us of them all; what we obtain  
In life, in death we're sure to lose again,  
Great Saladine, before whose Conquering hand,  
No force of force was able long to stand; (guish,  
Surpriz'd at last with sickness, through whose an  
When all his vital powers, he felt so languish,  
That he perceiv'd well his Glais was run,  
His time expir'd, his fatal hour was come;  
He call'd his Chieftain, and in open street,  
Had him display, A silly winding Sheet  
In stead of Ensignes; Then aloud to cry,  
Now great Victorious Saladine must dye.  
Of all his Conquests, nothing he hath left,  
Save this poor sheet, of all els he's bereft:  
For as the Spider to insnare the Fly,  
From her own bowels, weaveth curiously  
A slender webb with restless toil and pain,  
Whereof e're long, she is bereft again.  
The hushwife neatly dressing up the Room,  
Sweeps in an instant all her labours down:  
Or as the silly Ass, though all day long  
Loaden with Gould, yet when the night doth come,

## The Worlds Anatomy.

As strip of all, and with his galled hide,  
Into a stinking stable, turn'd aside.  
Even thus, bot night and day poor silly Elves,  
We restless labour, we turmoil our selves  
For worldly wealth; but when our vital breath  
Once leaves our bodies, then relentless death  
Sweeps all away, strips us of all we have,  
And turn's us naked into a stinking Grave;  
For since into this world we nothing brought,  
As reason is, we hence must carry nought.

### Friends.

**N**othing in all the world can I commend,  
For mitchells worth, like to a faithful Friend  
Thou unto him, as freely may impart,  
As to thy self, the secrets of thy heart:  
When all forsake thee, he will faithful be,  
As well in want, as in prosperity;  
Come weale, come woe, he with true sympathy,  
Will sigh, or sing, or live, or dye with thee:  
But such Friends are (alas) almost as rare,  
As coal-black Swans, or Fishes in the Ayre,  
Search all the world, and thou shalt hardly find,  
A man that bears, a true, and constant mind:  
It's strange to see how some can kindly greet,  
With Apish Complements, each one they meet;  
They'l conzy, kiss, colloque, scold, satire, & smile,  
Where with poor silly Gulls, they oft beguile;  
And with a thousand such like sugred charmes,  
Most courteously embrace them in their armes:  
(But one poor handfull I had rather see,  
Of faithful Love, then of this courtesie  
Ten thousand armefuls;) then they'l vow & swear,  
Dexply protest, thou art to them more dear



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Then all the world; yea, and to do thee good,  
They will not stick to spend their dearest blood,  
Themselves, their whole estate, both heule & land,  
Body and goods, are all at thy command :  
When yet, for all this flourish, their intent  
Is no such matter, onely Complement.  
Others there are, that sooth with friendly words,  
Yet wound more deadly then a thousand swordes,  
They'l shew all tokens of a faithful Friend,  
When they most hellish villany intend ;  
They'l, like a flattering Syren, sing and smile,  
Or mourn, and weep, much like a Crocodile ;  
Sooth, like false hearted Joab, and they will  
Kills like damn'd Judas, when they mean to kill.  
How many Noble Kings have been betraid ?  
Bloodily butcher'd, and a Prey been made  
By thole false hearted fawning Parasites,  
Whom they have made their chiefeest Favorites ;  
Safer it were, ten thousand times to be,  
Assaulted with an open Enemy ;  
Yea, safer far to meet with Lyons, Bears,  
Wolues, Tygers, Leopards, Panthers, Beasts who  
Then with this Hypocrite, from them I may, (roars  
Defend, or hide my self, or run away :  
But when my Guyde, and my Companion dear,  
My Wolsome Friend, that doth both see and hear  
My secret Councel, whom I love and trust,  
And think to be as faithful, true and just  
As mine own soul ; I say, when such a one  
Suspectless ayms at my Destruction,  
How can I scape ? Alas, what remedy  
Can be devis'd against such Treachery ?  
Oh that such false Dissemblers, were as rare,  
As faithful Friends, and men true hearted are :

But

## The Worlds Anatomy.

But since they're not, I wish they may amend ;  
Or like their brother Judas, make their end.  
Others make shew of love and duty, where  
They doe not truly love, but onely fear :  
Thus comes the Tenant, to his racking Lord  
With Cap and Knee, and many a humble word,  
God bless your Worship, Sir, God send you health,  
God prosper long your dayes, maintain your wealth ;  
When he could rather wish it hang'd, so he,  
From his oppression, might but then be free.  
The world besides, is full of Pocket friends,  
Whose friendship onely to their Profit tends,  
Great Mens, Purse-leeches, haire of Princes Courts,  
To such, this venomous Multure-breed resorts :  
But if they chance to fall of wanted Prey,  
Soon take them to their wings, and fly away :  
When once they see they can expell no more,  
They are no longer, what they were before ;  
These Leech-like, often suck up to the end,  
The Estate of those, on whom they do depend :  
So doth the worme, in time, consume the Tree,  
Wherein it breeds, and so unnaturally,  
Weers devour their Dainties ; so, so, they say,  
Act on, to us Dogs, became a Prey :  
And so be Gentry men prove beggers, when,  
Their base, base Bayliffs, do prove Gentlemen :  
When fortune smiles, Friends every where abound,  
But frown it once, scarce one is to be found ;  
As, then they'll all forsake us : So the Mouse,  
Feeds in full Barnes, flees from the empty house :  
So doves in Sun-shine, with their bodies stay,  
The Sun once Clouded, vanish quite away :  
Swallows in Summer sing ; but Summer gone,  
Away these Summer-singing Birds are flowne :

Most



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Most now a dayes are such like Summer friends,  
Their Summer friendship, with the Summer ends,  
Favour of Great Men.

**H**ow often, and how freely, blessed Lord?  
Dost thou vouchsafe, in thy most sacred Word,  
To promise all, that will but come to thee,  
Thy gracious favour so eternally,  
That neither Death, nor Hell, nor all the rout  
Of hellish foes, shall ever work them out.  
And yet, (O strange) how much more many prize,  
To be esteemed gracious in the Eyes  
Of Mighty Men? How earnestly they labour?  
Neglecting the heavens Lord, to get the favour  
Of earthly Lords, whose favour is but vain,  
Hard to be gotten, harder to retain:  
A Pleasant, by some mighty Man advanc't,  
But to a Bayliwick, and countenanc't;  
How highly rays'd he seems? How doth he deem  
Himself, some Great Man, in his own esteem?  
How big he looks, as well speak to my Lord,  
As to his Bayliship; but move a word,  
How he bestirres himself? How he torments  
The poor Racket Tenants for their merciments?  
Boas, Capons, Kents; he rages, fumes & fares,  
Swears, curses, threatens, bawls, brabls, stamps, &  
Dibes, pounds their Cattel, & so dominærs (stares,  
Amongst the Tenants, with the sway he bears,  
That what he sayes, or does, all currant is;  
Who is he, that dare say ought's amiss?  
None dare displease him; but well blest is he,  
That can but in his lobe, and favour be:  
This big Bum-Bayly, with a Knabish trick,  
As catch't e're long, and from his Bayliwick  
At

## The Worlds Anatomy.

At once Casher'd, and not alone displac't,  
But with his Lord and Master, quite disgrac't;  
The Tenants with the Jews, all ravished,  
Shout, clap their hands, and sing, The Devil's dead;  
Of all he's gaz'd at, like a very Owl,  
Lickt at by those, whom once, he did controul;  
So that with sorrow, the discontented Else,  
He's ready every hour to hang himselfe.  
Another, having spent the very prime,  
Best of his days, and flower of all his time  
In some Mans Service, hopes to be rewarded  
With some good fortune; but then unrewarded  
For some small cause, he knows not well wherefore,  
His Cloake pull'd off, and he's turn'd out at doore.  
Just as the Carrier deals with some old Fade,  
That beaten out, at last, begins to fade,  
And full of strength, strips off his tattered hide,  
And his old rotten carcases to olves aside.  
Some great ones are (I know it well) so tickle,  
Their love and favour, alwayes is so fickle,  
That if thou wilt not wait their worships leisure,  
And duely dance attendance at their pleasure,  
Say as they say, and ever to their will,  
Be't ne're so base, thou lide not subject still,  
Some top they'l take, so: which they'l hate thee more  
Then e're they lov'd thee in their lives before:  
And some for promises may match the Devil,  
When once, he would have tempted thee to evil:  
But (ah) their promises resemble well,  
The floods and fruits of Tantalus in Hell,  
That meet his mouth, and seeming touch do slip,  
Recopying back from his extended Lip:  
O: Sodom's Apples, beautiful and fair,  
That Touched, vanish into stinking Ayre:

O:



## The Worlds Anatomy.

O: If, perhaps, it be thy chance to find  
Favour with one, that bears a noble mind,  
Yet art thou not secure, there will not want,  
Some sly insinuating Sycophant,  
That with his wiles can nimbly fetch about,  
Some cunning flight, perhaps to work thee out;  
And therefore whilst the Sun shines, make your hay,  
Birds build your nests the Spring lasts not for aye.

### Apparel.

HAD our first Parents, not presum'd to taste  
Forbidden fruits, in mid'st of Eden plac't,  
They both had naked liv'd, and near the life,  
Not been ashamed of their nakedness;  
But having tasted it, they quickly spide  
Their shameful nakedness, and it to hide,  
They made them Coats, so that the clothes we wear  
Apparant marks of our rebellion are:  
Therefore the Pope, as well may glory in  
His bolts and shackles, tokens of his sin;  
Or needy beggars, in their nasty raggs,  
Which onely serve to hide their ulcerous scabbs,  
As we in Clothes, which Adam first did frame,  
Onely to hide, his more then beastly shame:  
Stores all this, our fattest bodies are,  
Wear stinking channels, from they ne're so fair;  
Do but consider all those Excrements,  
That have their passage, through the bodies vents;  
From Ears, Mouth, Nostrills, Fundament & Cies,  
From Fingers, Toes, and from our Privities,  
And thou shalt see, that never dunghil was,  
Halfe part so loathsome, stinking, vile and base;  
And yet how we, with gaudy bravery,  
Those rotten bodies strive to beautifie?

## The Worlds Anotomy.

W<sup>h</sup>o in Apparel, we delight, and gloze,  
Which rather bringing to our minds the Noze,  
Of our first, woful fall, should ever be  
M<sup>o</sup>stibes to teach us, true humility :  
We wear not Garments for necessity,  
Nor yet for handsome, comely decency ;  
No, tis were tollerable, we abound  
With vain excess, unstock, nay, sell our ground  
To Cloath our backs ; A thousand Apish fashions  
We borrow every day from Forrain Nations :  
Say, I think, our women had a fashion,  
That ne're before was known to any Nation,  
Such was their monstrous Pride, not long ago,  
Halfe men, halfe women, they appear'd in show,  
That had a stranger seen them, he would swear,  
Our English Women, metamorphis'd were  
Into Hermaphrodites ; Oh, lay aside,  
Cast off your monstrous, garish, whorish pride,  
And call to mind the fearful punishment,  
That once for Pride, was from Jehovah sent  
On Sions Daughters ; think ye do behold  
Those beauteous Damsels cloath'd in cloth of gold,  
With Rubies, Sapphires, Carbuncles throughout,  
And Diamonds, most richly set about,  
And other Orient Pearls, whose shining light,  
Expel'd the darknels of the gloomy Night,  
As seem'd in brightness, with their fiery Gleams,  
To match Apollo's brightest lightest beams,  
With Odours so perfum'd, that every where,  
Their sweet perfumes gave sweetnes to the Aire,  
Their borrow'd heads, full nicely curl'd about  
Their Crisp'd Locks, lasciviously layd out ;  
And in their Crisp'd, Curled, Powdered Haire,  
Rich Jewels dangling, and at either Ear



## The Worlds Anotomy.

A Sprigled Crispe, down from their heads behind,  
Upon their shoulders, waving with the wind;  
And with a thousand other tricks beside,  
To gawlish out their too excessive Pride.  
But think ye see, these haughty Dames again  
In woeful wretched case, lye, dye, complain,  
Their heads all bald, & blain'd with stinking scabbs,  
Their bodies bare, but for some tattered raggs;  
And what I shme to speak, their privities  
Laid open to the sight of all mens Eyes;  
Thus God may justly punish your excess,  
Proud prides as great how can your plague be less?  
Weeles, we borrow all from other creatures,  
Wherewith we strive so to adorn our features:  
From some, our silks; from others, sweet perfumes;  
From sheep, our wool; from birds we borrow plumes  
Pearls from the shell fish; & from earths base mould,  
Our ashe, pale Silver and our Orient Gould:  
Wherefore as some poor Maid, that wants aray,  
To trim her self upon her Nuptial day,  
Is forc't to try her friends; one she intreats  
For stockings, shoes; and from another gets  
A hat, or gowne; A paire of gloves one lends her,  
A neat set Ruff, and Cuffs another lends her;  
Here one thing, there another she both borrow,  
Wherewith she's neatly trim'd; but on the morrow  
All fetch their ewn again; and then the Bride,  
Poor Bride, quite strip of all her borrowed pride,  
Is left in raggs. Or els, as Aesops Crow,  
That up and down, from bird to bird did go,  
And from each one, a feather filcht away,  
Wherewith her self she trimly did aray:  
Proud of her Colours, she began to brabe,  
And saucily, calls every one, Knave, Knave:

But

## The Worlds Anatomy.

But every Bird his Feather let be again,  
 And then the Crow, stark naked did remain :  
 The naked Crow, all scornfully merride,  
 That er'it so gloried in her Deed sh' Pride.  
 Thus, should each creature, from us steel their sin,  
 We should be nak'd, our Pride would all be gon :  
 And certainly, the time shall come at last,  
 When these our bodies, shall be naked cast  
 Into a stinking Grave, where they shall lye,  
 Moulding to dust, rot, stink, and putrefy,  
 Till (oh most loathsome) mouth, and nose, & eyes,  
 Be fill'd with dirt till hands, armes, legs, & thighs  
 Be all consum'd, & at nothing shall appear,  
 Except, a hollow skull, and bones all bare,  
 That who so living, were examin'd on thee,  
 Shall tremble then out once to look upon thee ;  
 Oh ugly sight, the ugly creaking Lead,  
 Within the hollow skull, shall have aboad ;  
 The belly one, so curiously fed,  
 With crawling worms, shall be replenish'd,  
 And in the reins, that harbour'd once the seed  
 Of wanton lust the Serpent then shall feed ;  
 Our proudest Members, this shall once betide,  
 This is the end of all our vaunting Pride.

## Building.

What needless cost is layd out now a daies ?  
 Main glorious Buildings, sumptuously to raise.  
 Fair Houses now, are every where erected,  
 But Hospitality is quite neglect'd ;  
 The Poor may starve, unless they'l feed upon  
 Bare walls, fair Pictures, & other, Lime, & Stone.  
 When Christ was hungry, Satan (as we read)  
 Advised him, to turn Stones into Bread :



## The Worlds Anatomy.

But as of purpose, now our mighty ones,  
To thwart the Devil, turn bread into stones :  
Oh strange ! that in the Devil appeared then  
More Charity, then now in Gentlemen :  
And yet our glorious Buildings are but vain,  
No sooner rais'd, but quickly raz'd again.  
Where are the wonders of our former dayes ?  
Brazen Colossus, huge Pyramides,  
Th' Ephesian Temple, and that mighty frame  
Founded and finish't by th' Assyrian Dame ;  
Statue of Jupiter, Mausolus Tombe,  
Pharao's high Tower, What is of these become ?  
Go, aske their ruines, and they all will say,  
That stateliest Monuments must once decay ?  
The lovely Swaine, now keeps his bleating sheep,  
The Plowman, with his culture, furrows deep :  
There now grows Grass, & stinking weeds, & wood,  
Where stately Towns, and famous Cities stood :  
And where the Lute, Harp, Hackbut, Psaltery  
Were wont to sound, with heavenly harmony ;  
There now the purblind, shrieking luckless Owl,  
With hideous noise, her dismal songs doth howl.  
How many Cities, have been overthrowen,  
By force of Armies ? How many swallowed down  
In earths vast wombe ? How many burnt to ashes ?  
How many turned into water plashes ?  
Behold the glory of Jerusalem,  
The chiefest mirrour, and the choicest gemme  
Of all the world ; behold her massive walls,  
Her marbled paved streets, her spacious halls,  
Her beauteous gates, her heavens high kissing towers,  
Her pleasant gardens, sweet and shady bowers,  
Her sacred Temple, where the mighty God,  
And Lord of Lords, was pleas'd to make abode,  
And

## The Worlds Anotomy.

And every place all glorious to behold,  
Most brightly shining with resurgent Gold;  
Behold again, her walls all overthrowen,  
Scarce to be seen, A stone upon a stone,  
Her streets all fill'd with murder'd corps, whose  
Fills every channel with a scarlet flood; (blood  
Her sumptuous buildings flaming all with fire,  
Whole pitchy smoke makes heavens bright light  
Whole crackling flames spring up to y sky. (retire,  
While Tiles and Slates like thunderbolts do fly.  
Till Temple, houses, towers, spires, once so tall,  
All, all entomb'd in their own ashes are:  
If e're you hear this, without weeping Eyes,  
Your hearts are harder, then their enemies.  
How was fair Sodome all to ashe. burn'd?  
And to a standing stinking puddle turn'd.  
Within whose banks, & on whose parch'd shore,  
No fish, nor fowle, nor beast can live no more,  
Then if they had their habitation  
In Aza's Mount, or in the Torrid Zean:  
These, with a thousand mo can testify,  
That Cities, even as men, at last must die,  
Once was the world with swelling waters crown'd  
To quench the heat of lust that did abound:  
And once again, it must be burnt by fire,  
The key cold coals of love, to re-inspire.  
Oh fearful sight, this Mortal frame,  
With raging fire, on every side shall flame.  
For as the world was once an Ocean vast;  
Even so a bonfire shall it be at last.  
What then at best, are all our Towns and Towers,  
Strong bulwarks, castles, sumptuous pleasant bowers?  
What are they all? naught els but heaps of mire,  
Once to be burnt, with the all burning fire.

Feasting.



# The Worlds Anotomy.

## Feasting.

**T**hough many filly Creatures dayly starbe  
For want of food & should their lives preserve:  
Though holy Mat. it affirme, that Gluttony,  
Is painpable, and grosse Idolatry,  
Wiser then Heathenish: Heathens do implore  
Their gods of Gold; base belly gods adore  
Their beastly Bellies, which are merly sinks  
Of loathsome filth, and most offensive stinks:  
Though Nature, with a little, be content,  
And our forefathers, for their nourishment,  
Did feed on roots; yet now, such is our care,  
To glut the belly with delicious fare,  
That what y<sup>e</sup> earth, through all her spacious fields,  
And what so e're the Aery Region yields,  
The sweet fresh RIVERS, and the brinie Seas,  
Can scarce suffice our appetite to please:  
Oh men, more senseless then the brutish beast,  
That eat your selves, to make the worms a Feast,  
Remember how the greedy glutton here,  
Did dayly glut himself with vainty cheare:  
But now he fasts, his feasting dayes are spent,  
Win'd with the famine of a long lean Lent;  
Boiling he lyes the fierie flames among,  
And now wants water, but to cool his Tongue:  
The whole full-gorged Gut, could never spare,  
So much as Crumbs from his superfluous fare,  
His brothers hungry body to sustain;  
Now begs for water, yet he begs in vain.  
How many thousand thousands, that once fed  
On choicest meats, have been so famished  
For want of food, that they in all mens eyes,  
Seem'd greatly Chokt, and grim Anotomies?

## The Worlds Anotomy.

For want of food, they fed on Dogs and Cats,  
Flies, Maggots, Serpents, Spiders, Mice, & Rats,  
The dung of beasts, and one anothers dung,  
Yea, their own flesh, and Mothers ate their young;  
And at the last, even whilst for food they cryde,  
For want of food, they miserably dyde.  
But now my trembling hand, begins to shake  
Through all my body, every limbe both quake, ;  
My tender haire begins, with dismal dread,  
To start up right on my amazed head ;  
A sudden horrour strangely hath begun,  
To stay the passage of my stammering Tongue ;  
A Sea of tears, my blubbering eyes, doo bleare,  
For now at Salem's Siege, me thinks I heare  
A Noble Lady, that for want of Meate,  
Her onely Sonne, was fust, to kill and eat :  
Me thinks I heare her thus complain and say ;  
Ah fatal times ! ah wretched dismal day !  
A day unparaleld for matchless sorrow,  
How long shall I, in vain, expect a morrow ?  
What restless grief do I indure ? What pain ?  
Mine eyes are dimme with tears, but tears are vain,  
Unless with tears I could transformed be  
Into a Stone ; with weeping Nobles,  
So metomorphos'd, I might senseless lie,  
Insensible of this my misery.  
But I am plung'd in hopelesse gulf of grief,  
Nor means I see, which way to find relief :  
I, I, that once on choicest dainties fed,  
Now sigh, and weep, and pine for want of bread.  
For want of bread ? Nay, happy might I dine  
But with the draff that others cast to Swine :  
O that some little Mouse, would bring me hither  
Some mouldy crust, some withered piece of leather,



## The Worlds Anatomy.

Or some small craps of dunge; could I but find  
These now, would be more wellcome to my mind;  
Then all the dainties, that did once delight,  
With curious taste, my costly appetite.  
But I, poor I, may not thus happy be,  
A wretched happiness, and yet deny'd to me:  
Ye happy ones, whom the seditious crew  
Already hath dispatcht, I envy you.  
What though no sumptuous Sepulchre ye have?  
Tush, heaven covers him that wants a grave:  
I hear about, (such is my woful doom)  
A living soul, within a liveless Tombe.  
What though ye scattered lye in every street,  
Spurn'd, kickt, and trampled on with barbarous feet?  
Tush, tush, ye feel no pain, whilst wretched I,  
Cannot indure my deadly pain, nor die.  
What though the cruel Tyrants, did embrue  
Their hands in your goare blood; yet happy you?  
You dyed but once, whilst miserably I,  
In lingring life, a thousand deaths do die.  
Your death was speedy, but my tedious breath,  
Doth make my life, even a continual death.  
But what avail these Aëry plaints and moans,  
My blubring tears, and mine uncessant groans?  
Why rather seek I not for remedy,  
To help my almost helpless misery?  
Ah, seek I may; but what (alas) prevails,  
To seek for food, where all provition fails?  
Through all the Town, now not in any house  
Is to be found Dog, Cat or Rat, or Mouse:  
Long since the Souldiers, murdered one another,  
For stinking carrion; brother kill'd his brother;  
Nought now remains, unless that I should eat  
The bare and naked walls, in stead of Meat;

## The Worlds Anotomy.

No means, I see, but I must eat for food,  
My trembling flesh, and drink my luke-warm blood  
To stanch mine hunger, these mine arms shall bleed,  
And with my self, mine own dear self I'll feed ;  
But this (alas) will yeild me small relief,  
But aggravate, and still prolong my grief.  
With that, she slowly rolls her heavy eyes  
Upon her Son, that almost breathless lyes  
For want of food ; And thus she speaks, My Boy,  
Ah my dear Child, sometimes my hearts sweet joy,  
By Natures Laws, by Heaven and Earth I vow,  
By that great God, to whom all things do bow,  
By all that's call'd Divine, that could but I  
Preserve thy life, my Babe, thou shouldst not dye ;  
But now, the famine's every where so great,  
To save thy life, there is no hope of Meat,  
Needs thou must dye, and since a Sepulcher  
Cannot be had, my Babe, I'll thee interr  
In mine own wombe, the very self same wombe,  
That gave thee life, shall be thy living Tombe ;  
Thou, by thy death, thy Mothers life shalt save,  
Thy living Mother, shall become thy Grave ;  
In this my wombe, at first thou had'st thy breeding,  
And, from my luke-warme blood, thy tender feeding ;  
Now feed thou me again, give life to me,  
As once, my Babe, I did give life to thee.  
With that, she takes him, aiming with her knife,  
Quickly to finish, her dear Babies life :  
But in her armes, the Child begins to plead,  
With Agbs, and cries, Deare Mother, Mother bread,  
Kisses, and hugs her, stroaks her face and eyes,  
And then, with faint and feeble voice, He cries,  
Ah Mother, Mother, must your Baby dye  
For want of food, and you, deare Mother by ?



## The Worlds Anotomy.

My wretched life, dear Mother, either save,  
Or take away the life that once you gave.  
At sound of which sad words, a sea of tears,  
Gush from her eyes, she tears her flesh and hairs;  
Then wrings her bloodless hands, & on the ground,  
She groveling falleth in a deadly wound:  
But when return'd, into the Arms she cast  
Deep sighs; and sighing, thus she spake at last,  
Will't be no better? and needs must I kill  
Mine onely Child, my hungry Maw to fill?  
Oh, how the world will in succeeding time,  
Amazed stand, at this my bloody crime,  
Whilst thred-bare Fiddlers, with a creaking breast,  
Houl out my Story at each Country Feast;  
And whilst the Mother dandles on her Knee,  
Her lovely Babe, with her sweet lullabie,  
To fright her Babe, shee'l tell what I have done,  
How with mine hand, I butcher'd mine own Son.  
The Pelican, with her own vital blood,  
Restoreth life unto her liveless brood,  
She gives them life, by her self forced death,  
She dies her self, to re-instore them breath.  
But I must kill my Child, to keep alive  
My self, thus must my dying life revive,  
And in his blood, unnaturally defil'd,  
Must drink the blood of mine own natural Child.  
Bears, Lyons, Tygers, hear the empty cry,  
And fill the bowels of their tender fry.  
But I unhappy wretch, more cruel far,  
Then either Lyons, Bears, or Tygars are:  
Ye Gods above, ye powers Cælestial,  
Here, here to witness, I invoke you all,  
By lawless Famine am constrain'd unto  
A deed, which savage beasts would dread to do.

Blash

## The Worlds Anotomy.

Blush Phœbus, blush, withdraw thy light, and shroud  
Thy goulden head within some foggy Cloud :  
Thou nights pale Queen, ye twinkling Stars so bright,  
Bury your selves in a Cymmerian night,  
See not this deed ; And at that very word,  
Turning aside, she sheathes a harmful sword  
In her sons hart, where out apace,  
As in revenge, the blood spins in her face,  
But quickly taint, falls feeble to the Ground,  
His frighted soul flies through the gaping wound,  
And with it, life, that lifeless all he lay,  
And soon his lifeless corpes she bears away,  
Cuts them in Goblets, part whereof she boyles,  
Another part she roasts, and part she boyles  
For heat on red hot Coales ; and there withal,  
She gluts her self, even like a Canibal :  
Thou curious Palate, Epicurean Gut,  
That with delicious taste, dost dayly glut  
Thy pampered panch, remember this sad Story,  
And think how fickle, and how transitory,  
This pleasure is. But now, to stay no more  
Upon particulars, as heretofore.

### First.

Yield, some Pandora, in which ore alone,  
In amplest sort, might have convention,  
All earthly gifts of chiefest valuation,  
Which gain to mortals greatest admiration,  
Build him, for Art, for Wit, so eminent,  
That he may seem, a perfect continent,  
Of those rich dowries, wherewith we do find,  
That Art, and Nature, can adorn the mind :  
And since that vertues, ever lovely feature,  
Is much more lovely, in a lovely creature.



## The Worlds Anotomy.

Wilde him so faire, that not Apollos Rayes,  
Nor faire Aurora's blush, deserves more praise.  
Each way so lovely to the lookers on,  
That Nature never fram'd his Paragon,  
So rare, so perfect in each several Limbe,  
That Art it self, can add nothing to him :  
Yea, add to this, that as sole Monarch he,  
Of this whole Univerſe should crowned be,  
And force perforce, of his most ſoveraign hand,  
Vassals to his Imperious command,  
The greatest worthies through the spacious  
And boundless limits of Oceanus,  
Trample on Scepters, and the necks of Kings,  
And with a beck, controul all mortal things ;  
Cloathed with Purple, Scarlet, Silver, Silk,  
With cloath of Gold, and linnens white as milk,  
Bespangled round with Pearls most precious,  
Perfum'd with Oyntments odoriferous,  
Fed with pure Nectar and Ambrosia,  
Attended with a Train in rich array,  
Surpassing much each way in mortal Pride  
Great Xerxes Army, that whole Rivers dried ;  
Yet he may lose all this in one poore hour,  
Both Art, Wit, Riches, Beauty, Pleasure, Power ;  
Thus can the World no good assurance make,  
It gives but what, it once again must take.

### Secondly.

As for all the Worlds best fortunes, never can  
Fully content the boundless heart of man ;  
But as the worlds great universal Boat,  
Amidst the surging waves, did restless float,  
Toft up and down, till it arriv'd at  
The high White killing Mountain Arrarat :

## The Worlds Anotomy.

O! as the Dove, that from the Ark was sent,  
To view the worlds vast watry continent,  
About the Ocean, wandred here and there  
Restless, a place of rest sought far and near,  
But none she found, through all the watry main,  
Till she, unto the Ark, return'd again.  
Even thus the soul, within this ball of woe,  
From place to place, doth wander too and fro,  
She swiftly posseth with a speedy wing,  
And seeks content from every Mortal thing ;  
But never finds she any true content,  
Till she return, from whence, she first was sent.  
Lord thou hast made us for thy self alone,  
No rest we find, till unto thee we come :  
All things unto their proper place do move,  
Earth downward falls, but fire still mounts abode.  
Even so the soul, doth naturally aspire,  
To God, the Center, of her whole desire :  
When, at the first, that wise, all good Creator,  
Drew from the vast, and indigested matter,  
With curious skill, Create the glorious Frame  
Of heaven and earth, and all things in the same ;  
He never rested from his work begun,  
Till Man was made, of all his works the sum :  
Thereby to teach us, that Man only can,  
Find rest in God, as God found rest in Man.  
How many a greedy miserable Chuff,  
That of this worldly Treasure hath enough,  
And much too much ? His coffers fill'd with gould,  
With grain his garner, and with sheep his fould ;  
His grounds full fraught, tho he have neither brother  
Nor Son, nor Daughter, kinsman, one, or other,  
To heirs his wealth ? yet still, How doth he toyle,  
With toyle and pain, run, ride, andudge, & mople,  
Through



## The Worlds Anotomy.

Through thick & thin, through drilling flæt & snow,  
Whether it rain, or hail, or freeze, or blow &  
How hard his lodging, and how gross his fare?  
How thin his garments are, how coarse and bare?  
How short his sleep, and all to scrape together,  
More store of wealth? when yet, he knows not where,  
A stranger shall possess it: thus you; **Self,** (thou)  
To heape up worldly goods, he wrongs himself.  
What greedy Miser, ever had such store,  
That pin's in plenty, wish not still for more?  
They want in wealth, like Tantalus accurst,  
That stands in midst of floods, and yet's a thirst;  
Drink onely makes, the dropste man, more dry;  
Wood feeds the fire, and makes it flame more high:  
So, more abundance, worldly men possess,  
The more they covet after vain excess.  
What if thou shouldst enjoy all earthly treasures?  
And bathe thy self, in Epicurian pleasures,  
Of every kind; command the heavens swift motion  
The raging billows of the roaring Ocean;  
And all the savage train, that hants the mountains,  
Sylvanus Region, and the liquid fountains.  
What if thou shouldst as sole, and Sovereign King  
Command the homage of each mortal thing?  
All this would not content thee; thy desires  
To greater happiness would still aspire:  
So generous is the soul, that her intent,  
Upon the chiefeest good is wholly bent,  
And never fully can contented be,  
But with that height of true felicity:  
And therefore never, never can the mind,  
In all the world a full contentment find.

Thirdly

# The Worlds Anotomy.

## Thirdly.

**N**O, no, this world in stead of true content,  
With much vexation, both the mind torment  
With cares, fears, griefs, and thousand sad annoy;  
Whereby, the soul is rob'd of all her joys :  
Three Furies only are, they say, in Hell,  
Three thousand surely, in a worldling dwell :  
For as a Vulture, on Prometheus beate  
Is daily said to gnaw, such is the smart  
That worldlings feel, their grief, their care, their fear  
Their restless heart, both like a Vulture fear ;  
When worldlings doth not, by experience know,  
That cares, and riches, still together go.  
What restless pains, do men endure, to thrive  
In worldly wealth ? How do they rudely ride,  
And rend the Bosome of our Mother Earth,  
From which, at first, we all receiv'd our birth,  
And ransack deep her bowels, whilst they fear,  
Each houre alive, to be intomb'd there ?  
How do they early rise, and late take rest,  
Lost with the cares of an unquiet breast ?  
How do they drudge, and toyl, and run, and ride,  
And boyle on unknown Seas through wind & tide  
In slender Barks, whilst Thetis watry wombe,  
Doth hourly threaten to become their Tomb ?  
And when some Chuff, with all his toyl and pain,  
Hath heap't up to himself great store of gain,  
His care's as great, to keep, what he hath got,  
As were his pains, when once he had it not.  
The empty Traveller, dare sit and sing  
Before the Thief, this man fears every thing,  
With jealous breast, suspecting every one,  
Fears where there is no fear, and trusteth none ;



## The World sAnotomy.

At making of each bough, and at the sight  
Of his own shadow, crumbles; and when night  
Do's all the world, doth spread her sable wing,  
And in deep silence locks up every thing:  
When wolves, bears, Lyons, & each ravenous beaſt  
Sleep in their Dens, and each bird in her nest:  
When every labouring wight, lockt in the Armes  
Of his dear Fate, with sweet embracing chaines,  
With rest his weary limbs, all voyd of care,  
And heart consuming grief, when all things are  
At quiet rest, he on his careless bed  
Can take no rest, but with a musing head,  
Tosses and turns; or if his Eyes behold  
Some little rest, he then, dreams on his Gold,  
Starts at each little noyse, thinks every House  
To be some Thief, that comes to rob his house:  
And when upon his death-bed he shall lye,  
And see there is no hope but he must dye,  
Oh then, how will it grieve, and vex his heart,  
To think that with his Riches he must part,  
Which better, then his God, he alwayes lov'd,  
And for his chiefest happiness, approv'd?  
Thus Riches at the first, are got with pain,  
They're kept with care, and lost with grief again;  
And mighty Kings, that golden Crowns do weare,  
A greater burthen, then great Atlas beare.  
The fairest Rose, with thorns, is fenc't about,  
In flowrie Meadows, poisonous serpents skout:  
The clearest Springs, with mud infected are,  
The Golden Crown, is linde with leaden care:  
Kings are, or should be, like the Candle bright,  
That waits it self, to give to others light.  
In Golden Platters, often times they eat,  
Some deadly Poyson, mixt with dainty Meats;

## The Worlds Anotomy.

Diels at unawares, they often sup,  
Some poysonous Potion in a Golden Cup:  
They sleep in danger, rise again in fear,  
Even of their friends, a jealous mind, they bear,  
Though guarded round, with many an armed knight  
Yet fear they many more, then they affright.  
Damocles, seeing, on a solemn day,  
King Dyonisius, in his rich array,  
And solemne pomp, as all amaz'd threat,  
Cryde out aloud, Oh, Man most fortunate.  
Which thing, as soon as Dyonisius heard,  
He saw'd a sumptuous Banquet be prepar'd,  
And set before him, where in pomp he sat,  
Princely attended, in his Chaire of State;  
But caus'd a Sword be hang'd up in a haire,  
Just o're his head, that struck him with such feare,  
That all amaz'd he sat, and could not eat,  
Of all his dainty Cheare, one bit of Meate:  
Then smiling, said the King, My life is such,  
Which thou poor silly Man, admir'd so much;  
O ten, ten thousand times more happy he.  
That in some slender Cottage, alwayes free  
From State Affaires, sits by his quiet fire,  
That hath but little, nor doth much desire:  
He starts not at the noyse of thundring Drums,  
Nor curiously enquires, who goes or comes:  
He feeds on mean, but unsuspected dyet,  
No sudden news doth interrupt his quiet:  
To keep his person, from suspected danger,  
He craves no Guard, fears neither forraign stranger,  
Nor home-bred foe; but fearless soundly sleeps,  
Whilst his own Conscience, his own Cottage keeps;  
And with his Mate, though not like mighty ones,  
Loaden with Golden Chains, and Precious Stones;



## The Worlds Anotomy.

But comely Cloath'd in handsome Country Gray,  
He walks his fragrant Meadows, day by day,  
Where hand in hand, they drive their hopeful flocks,  
To sweet fresh Streams, distilling from the Rocks,  
While chearful chirping birds, each even and morrow,  
With sweet harmonious Tunes, beguile their sorrow:  
Hence greatest Kings, have wisht for Shepherds lives,  
And greatest Ladies, envied Shepherds Wives.

### Fourthly.

**B**ESIDES, the worlds best fortunes, are but base,  
With Noble minds, held ever in disgrace,  
And slighted much: the holy Apostle Paul,  
But even as loathsome dung, esteem'd them all.  
The Ancient Christians, as we understand,  
To help their Brethren, sell'd both house and land;  
Then brought the price, & as they thought it meet,  
They cast it down, even at the Apostles feet: *Acts 4.35.*  
As if, that true Heroicke spirits should  
No more esteem of Silver, and of Gold,  
Which greedy Misers, so much dote upon,  
But basely to be trod, and trampled on:  
What is our Silver, and our pretious Gold,  
But only dregs, and dross, of earths base mould?  
What are our Silks, but onely excrements,  
Which from her wombe, y<sup>e</sup> shining silk-worm vents?  
What now is Honour, but a naked name,  
A Title dearly bought, to purchase Fame?  
Which others, though men dearly do it buy,  
Give as they please, or as they please, denie.  
And what is Fame? A blast of vulgar breath,  
Which often in a moment vanisheth.  
Beauty is nothing, but a lump of Clay,  
Fair flourish o're, that quickly fades away.

Yea,

## The Worlds Anotomy.

Yea, What are all the Kingdoms of the world?  
For which great Monarchs, often have been hurld  
To foul disgrace, and which they have not freed,  
To purchase dear, even with huge Seas of blood,  
Wherein, vain Man, so much delights and glories,  
For which the world, is fill'd with tragick stories;  
What are they all? Nought els but dirt and mire,  
Trampled by beasts, which Men so much desire.

### Fifthly.

And these base fortunes, for the greatest part,  
Are dayly heap't on Men of least desert;  
The worthiest Men, worst entertainment find,  
The world still frowns, upon the worthy mind.  
Damn'd Dives Feasts, whilst Lazarus full of sores,  
For want of Crumbs lies starving at his doors.  
Of all the twelve, the Traytor Judas bears  
The Stewards bag: And bloody Herod wears  
The regal Crown; whilst Christ the King of heaven  
Injuriously, is of his Crown bereaven.  
Base Barabbas, is set at liberty,  
Whilst blessed Jesus, hangs upon a tree:  
And Pilate sits as Judge, whilst wrongfully,  
The Judge of heaven and earth, is Judg'd to die.  
Vill racking Lawyers, guilty Murders,  
Drambling Whores, barbing Officers;  
Church-robbers, Pitions, greedy Cormorants,  
Fraudulent Deceitmen, faltering Sycophants;  
Sole Tongued Lawyers, with a thousand more,  
That neither Conscience, nor Religion know,  
Whose lives are so notoriously evil,  
As though they neither dream'd of God nor Devil,  
Nor Heaven nor Hell, these often flourish, when  
True Religious, conscionable men,



## The Worlds Anotomy.

Are often forced for their honesty,  
To spend, and end their dayes, in poverty:  
Whilst Homer stands without, a blackish As,  
Loaden with Cold, with Cap and knee, may passe:  
And can it chuse, but burst a generous heart,  
When Men are priz'd by wealth, not by desert.  
Tush, What if thou for tricks of knavery,  
Hast been advanced to the Pillory?  
Or els perhaps, for Persury hath lost  
Thine Cars, and so been dubb'd Knight of the Post.  
For some foul Rape, Arraigned at the Bar,  
Or chance to lose thy Limbs in Venus war:  
Or should thy Wife to be some great Mans Whore,  
And hood thy self, for Pandor at the doore:  
But if thou hast but got the Goulden Prize,  
Thou art the Man, admir'd in all Mens Eyes;  
And shall in every place adored be,  
Like Horeb's Goulden Calf, with Cap and knee:  
When others, full of vertuous qualities,  
That loath and scorn, such hateful Villanies;  
Yet wanting Wealth, shall be but counted base,  
And every where, be slighted with disgrace.  
Those that can sooth and smooth a great Mans folly,  
And though he be most heinous, sweare he's holy,  
Applaud his actions, be they ne're so vile, (smile,  
Frowne where he frowns, smile where he's pleas'd to  
Sweare what he speaks, and like a shadow still,  
Conforme themselves in all things to his will;  
Those he respects, when such as scorn to shrink  
From naked truth, or at high Noon to wink;  
Speak what they think not, or to stain their mind  
With such base flattery, small regard shall find.  
Oh base, base world, when flattering flattery,  
Is thus prefer'd before true honesty.

# The Worlds Anotomy.

## Sixthly.

**A**nd most grow worse, as usually we see,  
The more they flourish with prosperity: (weight  
The Palme spreads most, when most oppress'd with  
The pruned Vine doth most extend his height,  
Amidst sharpe thornes, the milk-white Lilly grows  
From bruiled Spices, sweetest Odours flows:  
Though fenc't about with prickes, & red rose springs  
In roughest stormes, the Syren sweetest sings:  
The Stars shine brightest in a winters Night,  
And in Affliction, vertue shines most bright:  
But when once plenty, and abundance swaves,  
Vice soon abounds, and vertue soon decaves:  
The fatted Oxe growne wanton, leaps and strikes,  
Casteth his yoke, and at his keepers kicks:  
The earth with Manure over-fatted, breeds  
Less store of Corn, but greater store of weeds:  
We hap our garments close in blustering cold,  
Which we again, in Sunny gales unfold:  
So many have, in sharpe Afflictions woe  
To all true goodnes, been affected so,  
That in the same, they have untainted blood,  
Ready to seale it with their dearest blood;  
Which in the Sunny gales of prosperous weal,  
Did after in the same most foulely fail.  
The Lepers cleans'd, forget to praise the Lord;  
Disceas'd they cry for help with one accord.  
The Prodigal in wealth, doth quite disoain  
His Fathers house; in want comes home again.  
David afflicted, spares his deadly foe; Saul.  
But after works his dearn friends overthrow. Uriah.  
Upon a dunghil Job triumphing lyes;  
Adam is conquered in his Parable.



## The Worlds Anotomy.

The tallest Trees, are often barren found,  
When those that grow below, with fruit abound:  
The Mountains are but barren heaps, and dry,  
When Vales are fruitful, that beneath them lye;  
The higher Men are borne aloft with state,  
The less they pity Men unfortunate.  
The gurmardizing Glutton swells and puffs,  
With daily Surfeits, and still daily stuffs  
His over-glutted Vantch, but never hears  
The poor Mans cry; The belly hath no ears.  
Those Syon Princes, that at ease did lie  
On Carbed Beds of costly Ivory,  
Harrpyng their voyces (free from doleful pains)  
With sweet melodious musicks choicest strains,  
Feasted with store of delicates, and Wine,  
Whose faces did with chieftest Oyntments shine;  
They all did swim in pleasures, but not one  
Grieved for Joseph's great affliction:  
Come on, ye jovial Lads, come, come, say they,  
Let's Feast, Carouse, Laugh, sport, sing care away;  
Let's crown our dayes with Roses of the Prime,  
And freely frolick out our jovial time;  
So we may have our Pleasures, what care we,  
Let Joseph hang, or begg, or starve, or dye.  
How zealously affected some have seem'd,  
And have amongst their Sect, been so esteem'd;  
Kipling against our Prelats lussiness,  
Their Courting, Lording, Pride, and great excess,  
Against the Cap, the Surplice, and the Crosse,  
As meerly superstitious, Romish dross:  
How earnestly they stamp't, and star'd, and beat  
The senceless Pulpit, till they brow'd and sweat;  
Till at the last, Preferment having gain'd,  
And so their long intended drift attain'd:

## The Worlds Anotomy.

As choak'd there with, they bawl'd, nor rail'd no more;  
But then were dumbe, that made us deaf before:  
But if they Heare this, will not they with me,  
Because I speak thus much, offended be?  
Why let them be offended, fume and sare,  
And do their worst, what do I need to care?

### Seventhly.

As what thing is so base, or vile to do,  
That this base world allures not men unto?  
Blest were those dayes, wherein Astræa reign'd  
In harmlesse breasts of Men, as yet unstain'd  
With harmful thoughts; oh then, how all content,  
With what they did possess, liv'd innocent,  
Free from oppression, and desire of blood,  
Ambitious onely to exceed in good;  
And so the mind of every one was set,  
They onely got to live, not live to get:  
Pure Conscience, and not base Matchiavel,  
(Belching blasphemous Oracles from Hell,)  
Was then their Guide, for none with subtle wile,  
His simple Brother plotted to beguile:  
There needed then no Lams, on force of pain,  
The minds of Men from Vices to restrain;  
For of their own accord, and not for fear,  
All kind of Villanies Men did forbear:  
But when base world, Men fell in love with thee,  
Then, then began all kind of Villanie.  
Thou makes great Men, with sacrilegious hands,  
To rob the Church of her own proper lands,  
And other rights, whilst those want dayly food,  
That dayly labour for the Churches good:  
Yea, make Gods House a Kennel for their dogs,  
A stable for their beasts, a stie for hogs;

And



## The Worlds Anotomy.

And (oh prophane) most rudely raze it down,  
And with those ruines, proudly raise their own;  
It's thou, that makes oppressing Landlords raise  
Poor Tenants Rents, in these our wretched daies,  
Without all pittie, set them on the rack,  
Stretch them, & wring them, til they break their back  
And whilst they see, that all things els be fat,  
Yet keep their Tenants leane, be sure of that,  
Like Wintners Caskes, now drencht out all their  
And being empty, throw them out at doore, (store;  
Which being done, then pull their houses down,  
Till they at last, have turn'd a goodly Town  
Into a Pasture, and in that same place,  
(Ah woful change) their scurvie Cattel graze,  
Where Christians once did dwell, and at their doo:  
Reliebed, now the un-reliebed poo:  
Ye Messengers of God, that dayly bring  
Tidings of peace from heavens eternal King;  
Oh, how my very soul doth sigh and grieve,,  
To think that you, who should the poo: reliebe,  
With liberal hands, can scarcely now contriue,  
A course whereby to keep your selves alive;  
It's thought sufficient, if with all your care,  
You can but get a Course, and slender fare,  
A thread-bare Coat, a lodging cold and hard,  
For your great pains. Such is your small reward:  
Whilst sacrilegious Patrons, dayly purse  
Your Churches means, & with your means, a curse.  
And how I pittie you, poor silly Swains,  
That once were wont to trolick on the Plains,  
There, whilst your harmles flocks did sweetly feed,  
All boyd of care, upon an Oaten Reed,  
With curious descant, chanting heavenly layes,  
And freely sportyng out your Meehel daies

With

## The Worlds Anotomy.

With harmlesse comfort, whilst each shady Tree  
Nodded his head, as if your melody,  
It well approv'd, and shaggy Satyres pranc't  
Along the Plains, where you, the Morris danc't,  
And on the vancks of many a silber Spring,  
The Nymphs, and Gules sate, to hear you sing:  
But now, your motly plains and flowry downs,  
Are rudely trampled by uncivil Clowns,  
And each unhollowd foot, those Chrystal springs  
Viciously resound, with fearful bellowings  
Of savage beasts, and on the sporting green,  
Nor Pymph, nor Gulse, nor Satyre now is seen;  
The Mute Herd lyes mute, since to defray  
Your hard rack't Kents, you're forced night & day  
To dudge like beasts; and then alas to dine,  
With drass, or Offal, meete far for Swine:  
Whilst those great Lords, y<sup>e</sup> now your lands possess,  
Are dayly drown'd in Riot and excess.  
Ah might I see that day, that might restore  
Your happy state, wherein you liv'd of yore;  
But rather do I see, and sigh to see,  
Your hapless state, past hope of remedy.  
Thou mak'st the Usurer, if his debter fail  
But one bare houre, to cast him in the Gail,  
And let him there, in woful durance lye,  
And rot above the ground, whilst miserably,  
With sighs and groans, his wife and tender brood,  
Breath out their fainting souls for want of food.  
Thou, thou base world, so blinds the Judges eye,  
That without Silber spectacles, he cannot see;  
Nor can, without a Golden Care-pick, hear  
A rightfull Cause, thou dost so deaf his Ear.  
Thou for a Bribe, dost make him wrest the Law,  
To help the rich, and wrong the poore man's Cause.

If

And



## The Worlds Anatomy.

And care not to undo, without redress,  
The helpless widow, and the fatherless;  
Yet then go sleep as soundly, as if he,  
Had done some worthy work of Charity:  
So that the Laws, may well resembled be,  
To Spiders Webs, wherein the little Flie  
Is caught, and hamper'd fast; whereas the great  
With small ado pulls do on, and breaks the net.  
Th' unconscionable Lawyer, thou dost make  
With greedy hands, on both sides, Fees to take:  
On th' one to speak the truth; but on the other,  
The truth in silence treacherously to smother,  
Thou dullest him so, he cannot understand  
A Cause, except he feel it, and his hand  
With such an Itch thou dost infect, that he,  
Without quick-silver, cannot cured be:  
For: Now, thou dost make him sell his Tongue,  
And now: Mens Suits, from Terme to Terme pro-  
Dile he with many a Sly & juggling cast, (long,  
Like silly Gulls, do send them home at last,  
With heavier hearts, but with a lighter purse,  
Their Case no better, rather much the worse:  
For: after many a long, and tedious Journyes,  
To Sessions, Sizes, Counsellors, Attornyes,  
To fin. s of Court, to Courts of Westminster,  
Lost like a Tennis ball from Bar to Bar,  
With long attendance, many a Cap and Knee,  
Many a false Bill, many a fruitless Fee,  
Unable still to grease his scraping paws,  
They'r forc't among their friends to end the Cause.  
Learn silly souls, learn sooner so to do,  
So you may save your pains, and purse too.  
Th' ambitious thou dost make, without all awe  
Of Nature, Conscience, Duty, Friendship, Law,  
Wastely

## The Worlds Anotomy.

Wifely to act a thousand Villanies,  
Stab, poyson, strangle, plot vile treacheries,  
And blood to blood, sparing not friend, nor brother,  
Nor stranger, kinsman, wife, nor child, nor mother,  
But what so e're he is, that may oppole  
His proud aspiring thoughts, down down he goes,  
Till at the last, he swim through seas of blood,  
To his suppos'd, though false supposed good.  
It's thou that makes the greedy Cormorant  
Hoard up his Corn in scarcity and want,  
As if he would the Mice and Rats preserve.  
Although the poore for want of food should starve.  
Thou makes Physicians their sick Patients kill  
With lingring Curs, and suck the blood they spill;  
They look not onely to be fairly payd,  
For murdering Men, but also dearly payd:  
Since then of blood, they no more conscience make,  
Best Physick is, just none at all to take.  
Thou makes the Chapman ceze, lye, and swear,  
Curse and forswear, that grief it is to hear;  
And desperately, to damne his soul to Hell,  
His insufficient, sleight wares to sell.  
And (out alas) my heart doth bleed for woe  
Since Clergy Men thou hast besotted so,  
That they'l not stick, with cursed Symony,  
And to too shameles wilful perjury;  
To buy the Church, that now scarce any may  
Unlock the doore, without a Golden Key:  
Ah for their souls, whose charge ye undertake,  
Since of your own, so slight account you make,  
Unlike it is, that e're you should be known  
Careful of theirs, that care not for your own.  
And to conclude, for love of curled Gain,  
No kind of Villanie Men do refrain:



## The Worlds Anotomy.

For love of Gain, the brother sells his brother,  
The Sire his Son, the Son his natural Mother;  
False hearted Husbands, sell their widowed wives,  
And wives bereave their husbands of their lives:  
For love of Gain, we care not to undo  
Our native Country, Friends, and Sovereign too;  
Yea, in a word, we stick not to deny  
All Faith, Religion, and our God despise.  
These, these base actions, and a thousand more,  
This wicked world allureth Men unto;  
So that the World is an Aegian Stable,  
Of thousand thousand vices, execrable.

### Eightly.

**A**nd last of all, What is this Worlds farewell:  
Alas, most woful, endless pains in Hell:  
Some pass from pain, to pleasure; some again  
To pain from pleasure; some from pain to pain.  
The first are those, whom our most loving God,  
Doth dayly chastice with his sharp sweet rod,  
And to his true Elizian fields, conveys  
With weary steps, by rough and craggy wayes.  
The next are those, that do with vain delights,  
Dayly desire to glut their Appetites;  
And like the Glutton, in excessive measure,  
To bathe themselves in Epicurian pleasure:  
But being dead, incontinent they go,  
From these short pleasures to eternal woe.  
The last, are those, that beat their careful brains,  
With restless thoughts, endure a world of pains,  
Pinch back and belly, care not to prevent  
Their Eyes of sleep, their souls of all content;  
Spend, end their dayes in miserable case,  
To hoard up wealth, for their unthriftie race:

But

## The Worlds Anotomy.

But after all their worldly care and pain,  
Twice wretched they, poor souls are plung'd again  
In endless pains, and so the truth to tell,  
They buy a future, with a present Hell.  
Of this vain world, this is the woful end,  
No're look for better from a flattering friend:  
Then shall their jovial Tunes be turn'd into  
Most lamentable shrieks, and sighs of wo:  
Their beds of Down, and Roabes of Puncely die,  
To scorching flames, their pleasant Harmentie  
Of sweetest Musick, to the pittious groanes,  
Whiles, wails, and cryes of Devils & damned ones:  
Their lustful objects to the ghastly sight,  
Of ugly fiends, and many a woful weight:  
Their sweet perfumes, to a sulphurous stink,  
Their bowls of wine, compounded costly drink,  
To flows of brinie tears; their dainty cheer,  
To gnawing hunger; all their friends so dear  
To fierce tormentors, and in every part,  
Both souls and bodies must endure the smart  
Of burning fire; at once, both freezing, frying  
With heat, and cold, at once both living, dying;  
These woful pains, and thousand thousand more,  
The damned suffer in that Vale of woe.  
And though their pleasures, like a Golden dream,  
Or fading flowers, or like a Sunnie gleame,  
Are banisht quite, irrevocably past,  
Yet those their torments shall for ever last;  
Once plung'd in Hell, in vain they ever will,  
What ne're shall be, and what shall e're be, nill.  
As God is infinite, whom they offend,  
So infinite their plagues, without all end:  
So short, so swift are all their pleasures here;  
So long, so lasting are their torments there.



## The Worlds Anotomy.

Oh, might their years of torments be no more  
Then Stars of heaben, or sands upon the shore,  
Or drops of water in the Ocean deep,  
Or piles of Grasse, or all that euer keep  
In heaben and earth, then might they hope to see  
An end at last of all their miserie :  
But when so many years are spent in woe,  
A id thousand thousand times as many moe ;  
Yet shall not then their woful pains be don,  
Their ends no nearer then when first begun ;  
For euer, euer, must they plagued be,  
And neber, neber from their plagues be free.  
Nor can a thousand worlds of Gold obtain,  
A moments freedom from that endless pain ;  
For night and day, that cursed hellish rout,  
Eyes, eyes in fire, that neber goeth out :  
One drop of water Dives cannot get,  
One minute to asswage his burning heat.  
Oh then alas since we so much complain,  
If but a finger, in the fire remain  
Some little space ; or being forc't to lie  
On Dorny beds, or beds of Thorne,  
With sweetest Musick to delight the Ear,  
We scarce are able to hold out one year :  
How shall we then endure, uncestantly,  
Body and soul in quenchless flames to fry ?  
Which do exceed our earthly fire in heat,  
As much as our's exceeds a counterfeit.  
Now, should we be ten thousand years tormented,  
With all the tortures, that have been invented  
Since first the World began, yet would all those,  
Seem but flea-bittings, to those endless woes.  
The rowling Stone of restless Syciphus,  
Promethius Tortures, Floues of Tantalus ;

Belides

## The Worlds Anotomy.

Belides **Tubb**, **Ixioms** endless **Wheel**,  
Are merly toys to what the damned feel;  
For all the **Tongues** of **Man** can never tell,  
For mortal hearts conceive the pains of **Hell**:  
No **Worldlings** then, what you so highly prize,  
See what it is, where your contentment lyes.

First.

A **World** whose joys, as soon are past and don,  
As **Jonas** **Gourd**, or as a **Morning** **Sun**.

Secondly.

A **World** wherein, ne're **Worldlings** yet could find,  
A full content to satisfie his mind.

Thirdly.

A **World**, that evermore about it bears,  
A **World** of pains, a **World** of cares and fears.

Fourthly.

A **World** whose chiefest fortunes are but base.

Fifthly.

And those base fortunes, doth as basely place.

Sixthly.

A **World** whose sweet intoxicating bait,  
Lulls us a sleep, and makes us quite forget

Seventhly.

Our **God**, our selves, a **World** that many times,  
Draws us to thousand execrable crimes.

Eighthly.

A **World** that ends at last in endless mourning,  
In **Hells** deep dungeon, whence is no returning.

This



## The Worlds Anotomy.

This is the World that ve so much respect;  
This is the World for which ve do neglect,  
Heavens glorious Kingdom; oh then worldlings you  
Recall your thoughts, bid, bid this world adue;  
Rouse up your minds, oh, let your hearts aspire  
To Heaven above, there fix your whole desire:  
There shall you find, the true eternal wealth  
Without all want, and without sickness health;  
Perpetual pleasures, Musick, mirth and gladness,  
No smarting pain, no melancholy sadness;  
No death, no sin, no lamentable cries.  
For God shall wipe all tears from our sad Eyes;  
But all good things, in most abundant store,  
Fullness of joy, that lasts for evermore:  
There our vile bodies, brighter shall appear,  
Then Golden Phoebus in his Azure sphere:  
There Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles all,  
Martyrs, Confessors, Saints and Angels shall  
Our Consorts be, and with us ever sing,  
Sweet Hallelujahs to our Heavenly King.

---

# FINIS.

---







*Robert  
James Charlton  
Ballantyne*

MAR 20 1917

Fund Library Associates

Collation  
A<sup>5</sup> B-F<sup>4</sup>

Hargreaves, John

Author	Rare Book
	Room
	Ij
	H224
Call no.	675





14-14

Robert  
James Quinlan to  
Robert

17-5-71